American Glass First Made in Virginia Nearly 300 Years Age-Souvenirs of Gen, Harrison's Election in 1848— Portraits of Old Worthles in Glass, The earliest giass works in the United States of which there is any record were established in Virginia soon after 1607, and glass bottles were made. These works stood in the woods about a mile distant from Jamestown. It is made. These works stood in the woods said that glass was manufactured in Philadelphia in 1683, shortly after the arrival of William Penn, and in New York and New England various attempts to manufacture glass were made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with what success we do not know. The enterprise of Baron Stiegel in Manheim, Lancaster county, Pa., started in 1769, has already been referred to in THE SUN of March 15, 1896. In 1760 a glass house was in operation at Germantown (Quincy), Mass., and fragments of the ware which were picked up on the site of the old buildings show that the product was coarse and thick and of a greenish hue. The glass industry was commenced at Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1795, and by 1813 there were five establishments in that place and in 1840 the number of manufactories in the United States had increased to eighty.



Little is known of the early history of the glass industry in this country, and still less of the products of the early factories. The greatest difficulty, encountered at the outset, is the seeming impossibility of procuring fully authenticated pieces of glassware of American manufacture. Unlike china, glass was seldom marked, and we find little to guide us save the statements made by owners of examples which can be traced back to their original sources. In the majority of instances such statements are untrustworthy, as they are based solely on family tradition. Pieces which we believe to be of American origin may prove to have been imported, and vice versa. Let us take, for instance, the little cup plate, so popular with our grandmothers fiftyfive years ago, which was issued to commemorate the elevation of Gen. William H. Harrison to the Presidency in 1841. The design consists of a rude portrait surrounded by the inscription "Maj.-Gen. W. H. Harrison, Born Feb. 9, 1773." Around this are twentysix stars, representing the number of States in the Union at that time, while at the top of the rim is the word President, and below the date, 1841. While this is supposed to be of American manufacture, who can say just where it was produced? There were several important glass works in different parts of the country more than half a century ago, yet the present proprictors of those which are still in existence are unable to throw any light on the subject. It is sometimes possible, however, to trace



in my possession an old-fashioned whiskey flask or molasses bottle, which bears on one side a raised half-length figure of Louis Kossuth. surrounded by flags and drapery, and on the reverse is a representation of a steamship, the side wheel of which contains the name S. Huff-Beneath this design is the inscription. 'U. S. Steam Frigate Mississippi, S. Huffsey, There appeared to be nothing on this which would indicate where it was produced, until some indistinct relief lettering was observed on the base, which, on careful examination, proved to be "Ph. Doflein, N. 5th St. 84. This was a clue which suggested a reference to the Philadelphia City rectory, where the name of Philip Doflein, mould maker, was found, but with a different address. Mr. Doffein was hunted up, however, and was found in the rear of the address indicated on the flask. He is a man now 80 years of age, but still active and working at his trade of engraving brass moulds for glass and soap of engraving brass moulds for glass and soap manufacturers. The flask proved to have been made by him forty-five years ago, on the occasion of Kossuth's visit to America, for S. Huffsey, who was a glass manufacturer in Philadelphia at that time. It will be remembered that Kossuth came to America in the steamer Mississippi. Thus was identified a piece of glassware which was procured in an old farmhouse in eastern Pennsylvania.



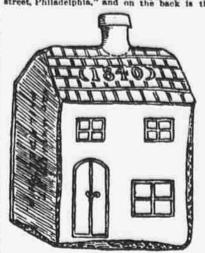
With this clue as a starting point, and the knowledge that such oleces had actually been made in this country, it became comparatively easy to trace the history of other designs which had been supposed to be of English origin. Familiar to many, probably, are the old-time flasks bearing on one side a head of Washington inscribed "The Father of his Country," and on the other a portrait of Zachary Taylor with the words, "Gen. Taylor Never Surrenders." These are supposed to have first appeared about 1848, and it has been ascertained that they originated in Kensington, Philadelphia, at what are new known as the Dyottville Glass Works, which were established in 1771.

The Whitney Glass Works of Glassboro, N. J., with head office in Philadelphia, were started in 1776, and stdifferent periods produced numerous patriotic designs in bottles and other articles.

OLDAMERICANGLASSWARE

A NEW FIELD SUGGESTED FOR THE INDUSTRY OF COLLECTORS.

American Glass First Made in Virginia Nearly 200 Tears Ago-Souvenire of Gen. Harrison's Election in 1846-Fortratts of Old Worthies in Glass.



date, 1840. Other designs in inkstands were a beenive and a cider barrel, and it is said that a whiskey bottle was made in the form of a cannon.

In 1851, when Jenny Lind visited America, a new form of flask was originated and named for her. The form was the same as shown in the Kossuit flask, and on this shape a variety of designs were placed, including portraits of public men, sheaves of wheat, gunners with their dogs, and various fancy devices. Some of these were made from moulds prepared by Mr. Doflein, who commenced business in 1842, and has furnished moulds for many of the prominent glass establishments which have existed during the past half century. Among his earlier patriotio designs are portraits of Washington, Jackson, and Gen, Taylor, and one of his more recent pieces of work is a portrait of Gen, Grant, which was made for a New York firm for reproduction on glass perfume bottles.

Recently some of our enterprising glassmakers have been reviving the former practice of utilizing portraits of public men for the embellishment of souvenir pieces, and a Western company has already put upon the market a tumbler bearing the etched portrait of Major McKinley with the legend "Our President, 1898 to 1900." This is the first of perhaps many po-



litical devices which will appear on glassware, as well as on china, to commemorate the present Presidential campaign. Never before in the history of the United States have our manufactories been so well equipped for furnishing whatever the public may desire in this line.

Now that it has been discovered that patriotic glassware was made to a considerable extent in this country from about 1840, it will be in order for collectors to commence gathering together examples which can still be found and identified. I do not know that such a collection has yet been made, but the subject is certainly worthy of investigation. Many of the designs which we have found to be of American origin are exceedingly interesting, and there are doubtless many others which can be brought to light by proper investigation. Inquiry at almost any of the older glass works will result in the discovery of ancient patterns and perhaps forgotten moulds, which still repose in out-of-the-way corners of sample rooms and lofts. Such relics should be hunted up and preserved to show the development of the glass industry in this country. Through the knowledge thus obtained many examples which can be plocked up in junk shops and second-hand stores which, by their greenish tint and the ragged button on the base are shown to be old, may be recognized, and it will be found that designs which have been supposed to be of English workmanship are, in reality. American. Should a flask or bottle be found, however, with a smooth, concave bottom, no master how antiquated it may be in appearance, it will be safe to conclude that it is comparatively recent, having been made after the construction of glass moulds had been improved. In the early days of glass making hollow articles were apt to stick to the base of the mould and had to be found in pieces produced before the middle of the present century. It is said that the contrivance for throwing the bottle up on the opening of the mould, whereby it can be removed without tearing, was invented by an American. To-day this invention is universally used, in ing never been patented, EDWIN ATLER BARBER.

HAWKEYES OF RURAL TASTES. Great American State In Which Country

Life is Preferred to Residence in Cities, The Hawkeye State of Iowa, admitted to the Union in 1846, and having a population in excess of 2,000,000, is exceptional among Western States in the absence of large cities within its borders. With the Mississippi flowing on one side of it and the Missouri on the other, with a railroad mileage of 8,500, and with few natural obstructions, it has long been cause of wonder that in the fifty years which have elabsed since its admission, Iowa has apparently not been able to set up on its own account a single first-class city-that is, a city having in excess of 50,000 population, though

in New York State the test of a city of the

first class is five times as great, or 250,000. It was not until the year 1890 that the town of Des Moines, the capital of Iowa, reached a population of 50,000. By the census of 1870 (Davenport was then the largest city in lowa) the population of Des Moines was 12,000, and

(Davenport was then the largest city in lowa) the population of Des Moines was 12,000, and Burlington was shead of it with 14,000, Dubuque with 18,000, and Davenport had 20,000. Des Moines is one of the oldest cities in the West, having been first settled in 1850, and having a new State Capitol building costing under the original contracts \$1,500,000, and began in 1850. The slow growth of Des Moines is typical of the growth of other towns in lowa wide, seem to withstand the great increase of business in that State. In 1890 a Federal census of the country was taken, and it showed only one city in lowa having more than 50,000 population. In 1890 the State census of Iowa was taken, and so far from showing the came percentage of increase as marked the cities of lowa which actually fell backward an unusual thing in American municipalities, and sepecially in the great and growing West. Thus Sioux City, which had a population of 37,000 in 1890, had only 27,000 in 1890.

Council Biuffs, directly onnosite Omeha and a city which would naturally partake of the growth of that thriving Nebraska town, fell off in five years from 7,200 to 6,000 population. Nor were these instances isolated, for the general tendency of the people of lowa is to remain in the small towns or country districts and keep away from the large cities. In other parts of the West a city which once acquires importance enough to be prominent gains thereafter in a steady ratio, but such appears to be the hostility of the lowa people to city residence that after a town has become populous it is threatened with the danger of going backward again. This peculiarity cannot be with accuracy ascribed to either the lack of railroads, for lowa has these in abundance, or the means of water connection, for these are many, or the conditions of the crops, which of late years have been better—lows is essentially a corn State—than in other States in the same acction. In Minnesota, for instance, the population of Minnesota, for instance, or the means of water connection, f

CEMETERY TO BE A PARK.

ST. JOHN'S BURIAL GROUND SOON TO DISAPPEAR.

Not Many of the Bodies to Be Transferred
-The Tombstones to Be Sunk in the
Ground-The Firemen's Monument on Ex-

esption-Few Conspicuous Tombatones. Old St. John's Cem tery on Hudson street. between Clarkson and Leroy streets, will be fore long be transformed into a public park. The property has been condemned for that purpose by the city, and the title deeds will soon be passed. The price paid was \$520,000, The ground has a frontage of 208 feet on Hudson street and one-half as long again on each of the side streets.

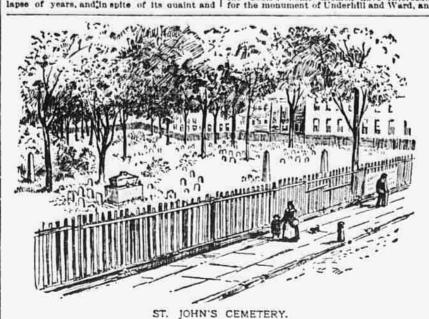
Trinity corporation, to which the ground belonged, was loath to surrender the property, as it intended to build a church and schools on the half of the plot fronting on Hudson street, in which no interments have been made. With that end in view, as there was not work snough for two churches so near together, it bought out St. Luke's, the site of which it had given to the congregation when the church was built, and, with the money thus obtained, a more pretentious St. Luke's Church has been erected in the annexed district. Now that it has lost St. John's Cemetery, Trinity parish will have to utilize the ground originally belonging to it, which it has again acquired by purchase. it, which it has again acquired by purchase, for the larger church it contemplates erecting. Services are still held in the old St. Luke's, but the building is suffering from the lapse of years, and in spite of its quaint and

horisontal square elab near the middle of the cometery which covers the grave of Mary Westerly, who is styled in the inscription, not all of which is legible, "the fruitful instrument of numerous offspring." She was "cut off in the epidemics prevailing in New York in October, 1803." Further on the inscription says: "Gratitude, that motive which is of the highest obligation, demands this tribute to the memory of a most endearing wife by an infinitely obliged husband and her five surviving children." Two other children, daughters, were cut off on the same day as their mother. Near the north fence of the cemetery is a short, square column, with a scroll at the top which at first view seems to commemorate a centenarian of unusual longevity. The inscription apparently reads:

The Grave of THOMAS W. USTICK. Born May 3, 1707, Died Aug. 20, 1845.

Closer Inspection shows that what appears
to be a nought was originally a nine, the tail
of which has been obliterated by some mischie cous person, presumably to give a false
impression. In place of being 138 years old
when he died, Mr. Ustick was therefore but 48.
A stone not far distant commemorates the
man who presumably paid for it more than
those to whom it is dedicated. Its inscription reads:

Erected by T. Moneypenny in memory of WILLIAM and MARY CROZIER, He died July 4, 1834, aged 52 years, Be died May 7, 1834, aged 42 years.



not unpleasing exterior it is doomed eventually to be torn down. St. John's Cemetery was opened about the beginning of the century. By that time Trinity Churchyard and that of St. Paul's,had become comparatively crowded, and it was decided to utilize part of the parish's immense property on the west side of the town. Although the burial ground of the entire parish, the cemetery was called after the nearest church of the parish, St. John's Chapel. In terments except in vaults were prohibited

about 1850, and that is why there are no

graves in the western half of the cometery.

The cemetery has often caused wonder in passers by, for it has been neglected for many years, and with its untrimmed trees, long grass, and tangled brush looks like wild wood land. There is a house on the Clarkson street side of the cemetery close to the part occupied by the graves. This was formerly a chapel in which services for the dead were held. When



MR. USTICK'S TOMBSTONE.

interments were given up, the chapel was altered into a dwelling for the sexton of St. John's Chapel. On his quitting it the house had various tenants, who, one by one, moved away, as they were bothered by the boys of the neighborhood, who, in spite of its high latticed fence, made the cemetery a playground. The house is now occupied at a nominal rent by a policeman, who keeps the boys in check.

Although a burial ground for all Trinity parish, St. John's Cemetery was apparently not favored as a rule by fashionable Episcopalians. Well-known New York names are, with some exceptions, conspicuous by their absence from the tombstones. These, too. as a rule, are small and insignificant. Comparatively few are more than the slab of marble which is the cheapest mode of marking a grave. On this account, a tembetone at the Clarkson street side of the cemetery in memory of the firemen killed in the discharge of their duty is especially conspicuous, although not in itself atvery grand monument. It consists of a stone sarcophagus in miniature, mounted on a large square stone, which rests on a still a larger foundation. On top of the sarcophagus two



FIREMEN'S MONUMENT. firemen's helmets, with trumpets crossed between, are carved. On one side of the monu

> Here are interred the bodies of EUGENE UNDERHILL aged 20 years 7 months and 9 days. sged 20 years a months and 9 days.
> FREDERICK A. WARD,
> aged 22 years i month and 12 days,
> who lost their fives
> by the failure or a benishing
> while engaged in the discharge
> of their days as
> Fremen,
> on the fourth day of July. on the fourth day of July,

On the other side is carved:

This Monument
is erected by the members
of EAGLE FIRE ENGINE CO.,
in connexion with the friends
of the
Deceased,
to commemorate the sad event
connected with their death
and the loss which they deplore,

There is scarcely a single epitaph on the tombstones of the ridiculous character which has made graveyard ilterature a burlesque. Per-haps the most suggestive one is that on a large

Trinity corporation will take steps for its preservation on some other site, but the other tomistones will probably be sunk into the ground near the graves they will no longer mark. As nearly all the ground will have to be filled in to bring it to a level of the surrounding streets, the graves which are left will be completely hidden from view by several feet of earth in some places.

The cemetery was originally much larger, and extended nearly to tarmine street. To make room for the tenements on Leroy street, which now bounds it on the east, and the adjoining buildings, hundreds of bodies had to be removed. Their disinterment was apparently left to the workmen who excavated the cellars, and the result was that the bodies were expessed to view for some time before their removal. The boys of the neighborhood took advantage of this to rob the coffins of the big copper cents which had been put or, the eyes of the dead to keep them from opening. In some cases, when they were on land at the disinterment of a body, they were able to take the cents fram the very eye sockets of the siciletons which were lorest open.

"I have literally stolen cents off dead men's eyes," said a man who is still young. "Tilved near the St. John's Cemetery when I was a boy, and not only found many scores of cents in coffins which were disinterred for removal, but quite often took them from the eyes of corpses. Allogether my pais and myself must have collected several hundred. We burnished them up and had no ead of fun out of the \$30 or more we stole from dead men."

reporter looked after him. On the south side of the street were a group of children, running west as fast as they could. The police. man was putting after them, running on the north side, where the sun beat down mercilessly. The children had a start of half a block, and the largest of them, a boy fourteer years old, was a sprinter. The reporter decided to watch the race, and walked down the street slowly on the shady side. Half way between Eighth and Ninth avenues he met policeman returning at the head of a small procession, with his hand on the shoul der of the biggest boy.

"I had to run near to Tenth avenue," he said, "but I got him. The policeman led the small procession up

seid, "but I got him."

The policeman led the small procession up to a house in front of which an ash can had been overturned. He pointed to it and said to his prisoner in a kindly volce:
"Now, why did you do that?"
"Bobo," said the boy,
"Well, come over here to this shop," said the policeman. The processle n moved across the street. "Now ask the man for his broom and shovel."
"Leime have yer broom an' shovel?" said the boy.
"Oh, that isn't the way to ask for it," said the policeman, "You ought to behave like the policeman, "You ought to behave like the policeman, you are."
The boy looked rather distrustful, He glanced up at the policeman, who still had his hand on his shoulder.
"Ask him again," said the policeman.
"Please lend me your broom and shovel," said the boy.
"That's right," said the policeman.
The broom and shovel obtained, the rolleman and his captive walked back to the as a barrel.
"Now pick it up, and out it on the curb," said the policeman. The barrel was not heavy, and the boy lifted it with ease, "Now sweep that dirt up in a pile and put it back in the barrel," was the next direction.
The boy did it, leaving about half the dirt on the street.
"That's not the way. Make it a clean job," said the policeman.
The boy went about it and after a few minutes," at the spot cleaned to the policeman's

The boy went about it and after a few min-utes 'ad the spot cleaned to the policeman's satisfaction.

Now nick up the cover and put it on the Now like up the cover up, and threw it on the can." The boy picked the cover up, and threw it on the can.
"Now you know that isn't the right way." remonstrated his captor.
The boy reluctantly straightened the cover. No one would guess the can had ever been upset. Now come back with the tools," said the

"Now come nace with the control of the control of the shopkeeper's."

"Put them up," said the officer,
The boy threw the shovel and broom on the floor and started for the door,
Hold on," said the policeman, "That isn't the way."

"Hold on," said the policeman, "That isn't the way."
The boy looked at him again.
"Do it right." was the word.
The boy levilated a moment and then said:
"Thank you," to the shopkeeper.
"Good," said the policeman. "Now, don't do that again."
The boy ran out of the door. He stood on the sidewalk in front long enough to say:
"Yah, con, cop, copper." Then he ran,
The policeman saide. He turned to the shopkeeper and said: "Thank you."
The shopkeeper said: "You're welcome."
Ten minutes later a small loy ran through Forty-third street and kicked over an ash barrel. Fifteen minutes later the policeman found it. He looked discouraged.
"Til have to spank that boy yet," he said.

THE WAITERS' EXCHANGE.

A CORNER WHERE CHEAP RESTAU-BANIS GET THEIR HELP.

Daily Gathering of Men Out of Work at Ann and Nassan Streets-Work, Pay, and Tips of Cheap Watters-One of Them Who Saved a Fortune-Some of the Minor City Tragedies.

Every morning a party of men gather in the shade of the building at the southeast corner of Nassau and Ann streets at about 6 o'clock. Some of the men are tall, and some of them are short, but there is a striking similarity in their appearance, and it is plain that they are all engaged in the same calling. Each one carries a small bundle in his hand. They are men who earn their livings by acting as walters in the cheap restaurants in the lower part of the city, and by common consent the corner where they stand has come to be rec-

ognized as their headquarters.

There are in New York probably several hundreds of small cheap restaurants. They are to be found in every part of 'he city, from the Battery sea wall to the Harlem River, and the number of men who earn their living in them is larger than it is generally supposed to be. Some of them employ only one waiter. but others have ten or a dozen, and some of the larger ones have a score or more. Although there are a good many graybeards in the business, most of the waiters are young nen, and they are of a migratory nature for the most part. Thus it happens that there are always a number who are out of employment, and they have naturally established kind of headquarters,

The corner where they meet is convenient to a greater part of the cheap eating places. There is hardly a city thoroughfare below Fourteenth street that has not from one to a dozen or more small restaurants, and several of the big ones are in the immediate vicinity of Park row. When the waiters in search of work took to meeting at Nassau and Ann streets the restaurant keepers soon found it out, and they fell into the habit of going there when they wanted help. The waiters' exchange thus secured what may be called official recognition, and for several years it has flourished.

When a restaurant owner or manager finds that his business demands more help he goes or sends an assistant to the exchange. He sees a number of men, ranging from ten to a hundred as it may happen, standing quietly about the corner or sitting on the curb stone. They are of all nationalities and all ages, but the young men predominate, and Americans and Germans are in the majority. The restaurant man looks the collection over much as a horse dealer examines a bunch of broncos. and finally ricks out the man or men whom he thinks best fitted for his place. This done, he makes an offer to the man. If it is acceptable the two go to the restaurant at once, and the whole matter is ended.

By 10 o'clock every restaurant has its complement of walters, and the walters who have been unfortunate enough not to secure employ ment drift away to return on the following morning at about 6 o'clock hoping for better luck. Some of them have been there day after day for months, and no one seems to want them. Once in a while one of these men does not turn up, and after two or three lax sthose who are left look at each other in a meaning way as if they might, if they wished, solve the mystery of the identity of the body found in the river and described in a newspaper paragraph. If one should watch the group at the waters's exchange for a month he might learn a little of the minor tragedies that pass unnoticed in the busy life of the city.

A waiter having been engaged by a restaurant man, there is usually a short wrangle over the price to be past and the hours of work.

A waiter in a cheap restaurant may receive 40 conts, aday or the way receive 70 cents. been unfortunate enough not to secure employ

of the dead to keep them from opening. In some cases, when they were only and at the distinct of a body, they were able to take the cents from the very eye sockets of the crumbling coffins were burst open. The crumbling coffins were burst open. The crumbling coffins were burst open. The coffins and not only found many scores of cents in coffins which were disintered for removal, but quite offen took them from the eves of corpses. Altogether my pais and myself must have collected several hundred. We burnished them up and had no end of fun out of the \$30 or more we stole from dead men.

A LESSON IN ASH-CAN DRILL,

It Was Given by a Policeman to a Boy, and Was Thorough if Not Effective.

The big policeman was standing at the corner of Eighth avenue and Forty-third stands how, and, under the shade of the awning, was trying to cool off after settling a dispute between a fruit vender and an angry customer who had complained about the quality of a one-cent bisnana. While the policeman was faring him to ask the location of a saloon where a row had occurred.

The sentence ended abruptly. The policeman had been looking west on Forty-third street while he talked, and had suddenly started in the sance direction on a run. The reporter looked after him. On the south ride of the street were a group of children, run-

come in to cal, and frey don't want any frills on their food. On the other hand I have fifty or more regular contemers who must receive retardeness. I keep an eye on things myself, and my regular waiters have all been with me for some time, so that we have very little trouble. Once in a while when business picks up so much that I need more help I life an extra man, and I have had some who cost me good customers.

The waiters as a general thing receive small pay, but it is not expert work and there are always men in search of work. Some waiters have grown rich, but they did not get their money in the restaurants. They scraped and skimped themselves until they had enough to invest in some modest business, and from such investinents some men have become wealthy.

'I know one man who has a fortune. He once worked for me, and he is now in a Park place saloon. While he was working for me I never suspected that he had money. One day a customer made a complaint against him for inevitity, and as I knew the man was informed. me I never suspected that he had money. One day a customer made a complaint against him for Incivility, and as I knew the man was ill-natured, I reprimanded him. He answered me, and the result was that after we had passed some words he offered to buy the place. I laughed at him, and he pulled a lank book out of his pocket that showed to his credit considerably more money than my business was worth. I have heard that he is worth \$75,000, but I think that is a good deal more money than he has. The fortunes of men like him are greatly exaggerated, for it is just as easy to say \$100,000 as it is to say \$1,000.

"The cheap restaurant waiters are usually men who have been forced into the busness by adverse circumstances. A great majority of them are honest and soher. They must be. They are like mon in other callings. There are usual men and good men, and they average up as well as any other that I know of."

Long-lived Hamilton Alumni. From the Uties Daily Press.

Long-lived Hamilton Alumni.

From the Utica Lany Press.

The necrologist of Hamilton Alumni reports thirty-one deaths for the academic year, 1895-86. This is nearly the average number. Last year thirty-four deaths were reported. The hon. James Vourhees, Pittsford, age 92, class 1820; the Rev. Prof. Asahai Clark Kendrick, D. D., Rochester, age 86, class 1831; Bela Hubbard, Detroit, Mich., age 82, class 1831; Bela Hubbard, Detroit, Mich., age 82, class 1833; the Rev. Robert Edmund Willson, Pittston, Pa., age 88, class 1834; the Rev. Robert Edmund Willson, Pittston, Pa., age 88, class 1836; the Hon. Norman Everson, Washington, Ia., age 81, class 1838; Charles Dudley Miller, Geneva, N. Y., age 77, class 1838; Charles Budley Miller, Geneva, N. Y., age 77, class 1838; Richard Esseistyne Hungerford, Watertown, N. Y., age 77, class 1844; Samuel Hickox Stoddard, Camden, N. Y., age 74, class 1844; Publius Virgilius Rogers, Utica, N. Y., age 70, class 1846; the Hon. Joseph Strong Avery Clinton, N. Y., age 69, class 1848; the Hon. Henry Curtis Butler, Rochester, Minn., age 67, class 1848; The Dr. Dorrance Kirtland Mandeville, Brooklyn, N. Y., age 67, class 1849; the Rev. Pr. Alvin Dighton Williams, Kenesaw, Neb., age 69, class 1849; William Kenesay, N. Y., age 84, class 1853; Dr. Rese Davis, Wilkesharre, Pa., age 58, class 1856; the Rev. Albert Richard Warner, Clinton, N. Y., age 64, class 1857; William Henry Dwilliam Henry Dwilliam

SONGS OF THE CYCLE. Callico and the Bleyele,

From the Boston Courier.

Gallieo from his retreat
Of silence came on noiseless feet
One day to Earth and turned bis eyes,
With keenest glances of surprise.
To countless thousands of manatind
Speeding along as speeds the wind;
To maids and matrons, sires and sons,
And immaturest little ones.
All whiring on revolving things
That bore them switt as swiftest wings:
Through every busy thoroughfare.
In rural highways, durising silens space,
Where rivers ran, where er the face
Of earth revealed an open way,
A wheeling whirling fleet array
Of human forms in casseless flight
Was shown unto his wendering sight;
And standing there as one ashast.
His hands before his eyes ne passed,
Then, promily lifting up his head,
In self-applauding tone he said:

'I knew, by Jupiter! It moved:
list, by my great grandly proved:
list, by my great grandly proved: From the Boston Courier,

The Cyclometer Crank, Prom the Minneapolis Tribune.
Of all the cranks I've ever seen
The cyclometer crank is the worst;
He watches it go from mora till night,
And pushes it round with all his might
Though his vens are like to burst.

There's music for him in the click of the dog, And it cheers his weary way. Whether riding benne or riding to town, Or numpting up hill, or coasting down, He lives on its merry lay.

He cannot stop on half a mile. And though the time has come to dine, if the eyelo stands at 1990. The dinner must wait a while. When death has claimed the cyclometer crank, And he's passed from this world of gulls, He'll ask Peter to wait at the open gate. Though the saint is old and the nour is late, While he runs off another mile. WILLIE SEE

From the Cleveland World. Her face won his devotion. And her figure's queenly motion Filled his being with a notion All have felt. She rode her wheel so sweetly That she conquered him completely, And she had him tucked up neatly 'Neath her bell.

Her dot was more than ample, For a thou, was but a sample, And she never trie i to trample On his yowa.

So this youth, in luck emphatio, Had a future more eestatic Had he not been too erratic To espouse. For although her face and wheeling And her fortune raised a feeling That his peace of mind was stealing And his ease.

He had courage nover flagging. And preferred forever stagging When he saw her bloomers bagging At the knees.

PREDERIC S. HARTERIA

The Passing of the Horse,

From the Chicago Tribune.

From the Chicago Tribuna.

Only a horse;
A backwoods horse; and yet
An animal of noble lineage,
With right to boast of bluest English blood
That ever flowed through equine veins and knew
It not! An eventful life he led
Upon the woodland farm. A stolld man
Ilis owner was, in whose lack lustre eyes
A horse was but a horse, and nothing more;
Wion neither knew nor cared to know the worth
Of pedigree in horseflesh, and who worked
The noblest beast from year to year, in dull
Routine of service at the plough, or drove
His flery, yet tamed Bucephalus
With grist of corn to mill, bevond the ridgs,
Or in the ancient bugy hitched him up
And drove on Sundays to the meeting house
In Thompson's Grove, a dozen miles away,
And so the years rolled on, and poor old Prince,

And so the years rolled on, and poor old Princs, No lenger in his prime, was sold one day For forty dollars to a keen eved man And driven to the marrest market town And crowded in an Ill smelling ear With ten or fifteen others, and sent East.

And growded in an ill smelling car
With ten or fifteen others, and sent East.
One cold, gray morning, from his narrow stall
in the big barn where he now found himself,
old Prince was taken forth. A street car stood
I pon an iron track. They hustled him
in front of it. He hearst the clank of chains,
And presently a corporation's slave,
He moved off down the street, the noisy car
Ratiling behind him, Patiently old Prince
Ambied along. It was all one to him,
The heydey of his youth had passed, and life
Held nothing that a self respecting horse
Need worry over.

What is that? A bay, or what seems a boy,
Rides upon a strange and fearful looking
Thing with two wheels, one tefore the other,
His back is humped. His face is set and stern.
His feet fly madly up and down as if
Some fearful alony passessed him. Lo,
What is It? Quivering in every limb,
With nostrills distended and a snort
Of rage and terror, Old Prince stood straight up,
The blood of his long and noble line
Of English sires rose in righticeus wrath
And sense of burning outrage. With a bound
His youth and strength came back. He set his jaws
Threw back his ears and tore along the track
are horse running away and dragging
A can horse running away and dragging
The car after him? Calmly the driver,
Applied the brake. The harness held, Old Prince
Slackned by degrees his speed. In his eyes
The spirit of another horse.

The Scorcher. From the Philadelphia North American. From the Philodelphia North American,
The scoreher tore full furiously
Along the busy street.
Unmitding of the obstacles
That he perchance might meet.
He scorned to head the warning cries,
That record-breaking chump
And he ran plump on a coal carteNow his wheel is on the dump.

The Beautiful Scoreker.

From the Boston Courier. She rode along the road
In a costume a la mode,
And threw a gleam of sunshine on the pike,
as she gripped the handle bar,
And she heat the troiler car.
And her golden hair was hanging down her bike.

The Introspective Scorcher. From the Cleveland Leader, am the scorcher! Please observe

That appertains unto my spine! With head ducked low, er man and beast, and wos hat falls to scamper when I ting a ling! et people jaw nd go to law o try to check my gait, that's their game! ate kill folks, but I'll do it just the same

I guess. Unless They clear the track for me; Because, you see, I am the coverier, full of zeal, And Just the thing I look like on the wheel! How She Has Changed, From the Yorkers Statesman

It seems a few short days ago.
The girl for whom you'd died.
Would walk a block and then egolaim:
"Oh, dear my shoe's untied."
But times have changed and so have girls,
of this ad are aware:
She simply now reminds you that
"My tires need more air." In the Moonlight. From the Philadelphia Nesca.

Bhe amiled at me as she swiftly passed,
Over the handle har.
That sunny smile was the malden's last,
Over the handle har.
She carromed hand on a cobble stone,
She look a header she couldn't postpone—
Her twinking heels in the moonlight shone
Over the handle har. Lament from the Cradle.

Up from the cradle came a wail, At first a pensive cost: Into a weird, veriferrous wail of mournfulness it grew. His serrow, in a vein prolix, He struggled to reveal. "By father's talking polities, And mother rides a wheel.

From the Washington Evening Star,

"They say I'm cross. I'm simply sad At being slighted so. I which the haby certriage fad Could samehow get a show. How can you biame one in my fix For setting up a squeat? My father's taking joillies, And mother rides a wheel." Fin de Siecle

I'm an end of the century girl, But really, between you and me, I don't think the fun of the thing Is quite what it's cracked up to be.

I've worked to emancipate Woman, I've tried to scorn dances and teas, I've discarded my petticoats, too, And arrayed myself boldly in -these I've swung on the parallel bara.

Read Ibsen, Nordau, and George Moore;

I've telled and I've spun on my wheel Till all my anatomy's sore. To morrow I'd cremate these togs And he in a hammock ill night.
With the Duckess and fashions to left
And a box of French bonbons to right.

Yes. I've smoked, too, and gone through the slume, And inspected a big penitentiary, And-hurrah! the goal is in sight. The end of my first and last "century.

SECRET OF GOOD COFFEE.

NOTHING TO BE COMPARED WITH PURE JAVA, BAYS AN EXPERT.

The Fame of Mocha and the Facts in the

Case-Quakers in Coffee-Color, Aroms, and Taste of Good Coffee-Effects of Bad Boasting-A Mistake in Public Taste, The coffee expert had finished eating the substantial part of his dinner, and the waiter had just brought to him the first one of his invariable two cups of coffee. The expert poured he hot milk into the coffee, trated the mixture. and his eyes shone with delight as he ex-

claimed: "Ah, that's a fine cup of coffee. It is pure Java, and of the best quality, and I think I can guess just how it comes that we haven's got the usual mixture to-night.
"You see," he continued, "the coffee we usu-

aliy get here is a mixture of half and half.
Java and Maracaibo and a very good mixture that is, too-but there is nothing like the pure Java. Now, what has happened is this: The restaurant man has sent in a hurry for coffee at a late hour, and the clerk who was to make the mixture has found the Maracalbo bin empty. So rather than get out a fresh supply of Maracaibo, he has filled the order. entirely from the Java bin. It was easy for him, but rough on his employer, for this Java is worth seven cents a pound more than the Maracaibo,"

"What is the best coffee in the world, and where does it come from?" one of his compan-

ions asked.
"Java." was the lacente answer.

"But we read in novels about the heroes or heroines sitting down to a cup of the fragrant Mocha, and the term is used with an air of assurance as much as to say that when it came to coffee there was but one kind and that was Mocha. What is Mocha?"

"Mocha is mostly a tradition and wholly a fraud," declared the expert. "There is no coffee grown about Mocha, but there are indian coffees shipped from Mocha. The peculiarity of the Mocha of the trade is that it is composed mostly of round berries instead of flat berries of the more perfect coffees. These round berries, or peaberries, as they are also called, are simply ill-grown, imperfect fruit. Most of what is sold for Mocha in the stores is made up from the imperfect berries which have been sorted out from the mild coffees of

called, are simply ill-grown, imperfect fruit. Most of what is sold for Mocha in the stores is made up from the imperfect berries which have been sorted out from the mild coffees of Mexico and Central America and Santos coffees. In some stores you can buy the genuine Mocha and when you get it you are worse off the control of the contr

GERMAN STUDENTS' JOKE.

Members of Leipsic Corps Have Fun and Get Revenge on the Philistines.

In Leipsic, as in every other German university town except Berlin, the students and the tradesmen are not on the best terms. Recently several corps had trouble in business dealings with members of the Tradesmen's Club. Late in May this club was to have a picnic and summer night festival at Connewitz, a suburb to which a person usually goes from Leipsic by electric car. The distance is two or three miles, and it costs about \$1.25 to cover it by cab, but only six cents by electric car.

When the corps students heard of the plans for the summer night festival they decided on a little practical joke, which would enable them to get even with all the members of the Tradesmen's Club at once. They got together all the students they could find a little before the hour for the Connewitz entertainment, piled into Connewitz cars, and filled them all to the legic for the Connewitz entertainment, plied into Connewitz cars, and filled them all to the legal limit. This was comparatively easy, as in Leipsic all overcrowding of cars is forbidden by law, Once in the cars the students refused to get out. They smoked and sang and paid fare, and leered at the Tradesmen's Club members who had gathered in groups along the route in Leipsic and were waiting impatiently for a chance to ride out to their pione. That chance did not come. Out to Connewitz and back again rolled car after car, each filled with students. The booths of the summer night festival were deserted and the warm luncheon grew cold, but still the students paid fare and jerred and smoked and rolled on their endless way. At last the most moneyed members of the Tradesmen's Club hired cabs—a great piece of extravagance for a German not belonging to the army or navy or university—and rode to Connewitz In style. The rest went home.

After the failure of the Connewitz picnic was assured and the stations along the electric road had been deserted, the students ceased paying

assured and the stations along the electric road had been deserted, the students ceased paying fare, left the cars for their club rooms, and there drank to the discomiture of the Philistines.

POT AND KETTLE.

A Cornet Player Causes the Arrest of a Suorer for Making a Noise. From the Philadelphia Record.

New BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 24. - Because he snores heavily in his sleep. John Barry was arrested to-day on a warrant charging him with disturbing the peace. Martin Albert, a cornotist, made the charge against him.

Albert and several other families occupy rooms in an apartment house at 211 Burnets street, and all of them have been kept awake

street, and all of them have been kept awake nights by the heavy breathing of Barry, who is also a tenant there. None of these annoyed by Barry's snoring knew where the noise came from until Albert traced it to Barry's rooms last night. Then he awakened Barry and appealed to him to desist.

Barry said he slept better for anoring, and as he did not hear the noise himself, did not bother about it.

This enraged Albert, so he spocared before Recorder Sullivan to-day and charged Barry with being a disturber of the peace.

Becorder Sullivan thought enough of the case to send a policeman after Barry, and he was arraigned in court this afternoon. The defendant said that if he snored he did not know it, and, what was more, he did not intend to stay up nights to prevent it. Recorder Sullivan could find no law under which he could hold Barry, and Albert could not suggest a plan to stop the macket. Barry was then discharged.

DICK LAW. and the same of th